New *West Country* Garland;

In Five PARTS.

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Part I. The young Orphan's Visit to her Uncle, who in a Passion struck her, at which she rambled away and was not to be found.

Part II. How the Uncle was accused for Murdering her and how he gave a Man a hundred Guineas for one that was like her, and had her to the Assize.

Part III. How a Nurse of the Orphan's found this Girl to be a Sham, upon which the Uncle was Condemned to be hang'd.

Part IV. How a young Man that heard this Uncle's Tryal, met this Orphan in a foreign Country, and brought her Home to *England*, who saved her Uncle from being hang'd; with an Account of her being married to this young Man, her Portion being 15000*l.*

Part V. An Account of their happy Living, and their liberal Charity to the Poor.

Lensed and Entered according to Orde

The new *West Country* GARLAND

Part I. *The young Orphan's Visit to her Uncle, &c*
Tune of, Wandring Lady.

YOU Fathers and Mothers, and Children alſo,
Come draw near unto me, and you ſoon ſhall kno
The Senſe of my Ditty, and I dare to ſay,
The Like han't been printed this many a Day.

'Tis of a young Female that now I do write
One of tender Age, and of Beauty moſt bright;
But Death was ſo cruel, ſevere and unkind,
To take this Child's Parents and leave her behind.

Fifteen thouſand Pound in bright Silver and Gold,
Was left for her Portion, and as it is told,
Two Gentlemen Guardians there was left in Tru
To ſee that no Mortal dealt with her unjuſt.

She had a rich Uncle, and as I heard ſay,
Both ſhe and her Guardians a Viſit to pay,
Did ride to her Uncle's and as you will find,
The Guardians return'd, and did leave her behind.

To ſtay there ſome Weeks the freſh Air to take,
The Uncle was pleas'd, and much of her did make
She being young and childiſh, his Patience did move
So far for to ſtrike her, tho' great was his Love.

A Neighbour he heard her theſe Words for to ſ
Uncle do not kill me, have Mercy I pray;
He ſtruck her but once, and being not us'd to blow
She thought him unkind, and the greateſt of Foes.

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Next Day with Gold Lockets, and rich Garments gay,
And coſtly rich Jewels, ſhe wander'd away,
And there was no finding of her high nor low,
And what became of her anon you ſhall know.

PART II.

How the Uncle was accuſed for Murdering her, &c.

BEing not to be found, her old Uncle, he cry'd,
And unto her Guardians away he did ride;
In hopes for to find her, ſhe not being there,
His Grief was increaſed, and the Guardians did ſwear

If ſhe be not found, then the World would think,
We have murder'd her for the Sake of her Chink;
You had beſt go find her, and that out of Hand,
Or for your Life, Sir, at ſtake it muſt ſtand.

And as they ſtood talking there came in a Man,
Who againſt the Uncle to plead thus began,
I am his next Neighbour, I heard him to ſay,
Uncle, do not kill me, have Mercy I pray.

Why then, quoth the Guardians, your Neice ſhe is ſlain,
And you muſt expect to be hang'd for your Pain:
Then unto a Juſtice they went, as 'tis told,
And Sentence was paſt that a Gaol muſt him hold.

But there was a Squire who liv'd in that Town,
Who Body for Body for him would be bound,
That he might have Liberty to ride about,
And ſee if he could find this young Orphan out.

Now pray mark, good People, and this ſecond Part,
Will give you to know, he with an aking Heart,
Some Hundreds of Miles did ride up and down,
And for his Heart's Blood ſhe was not to be found.

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Tho' anguiſh and ſorrow then filled his Heart,
With this Vale of Tears, he was loth for to part,
He prized this Life, as a Jewel moſt rare,
As by his Contrivance you quickly may hear.

Ten Miles from his home as he was riding through
A Country Village, he chanc'd for to view,
A Girl the moſt like her, that ever was ſeen,
In ragged Apparel, and of Parents mean.

Then to this Girl's Parents in Tears with ſad moan,
His heavy Condition he then did make known;
He cry'd, *Spare me this Child, I may longer live,*
And one hundred Guineas to you I will give.

When this Child of yours is dreſt in Garments gay,
Perhaps they'll take her for ſhe that's gone aſtray,
Then I and my Bail we ſhall both be ſet free,
And fifteen thouſand Pounds her Portion will be.

The old Father cry'd, Sir, I am poor and bare,
Upon this Condition my Daughter I'll ſpare,
If ſhe is found the wrong Child, to have her once more;
The Uncle replied, *Then that you ſhall be ſure.*

In two Days time after thoſe Guineas was paid,
And in coſtly Robes this Girl was array'd,
In private this Uncle he kept her, being wiſe,
And had her well tutor'd againſt the Aſſize.

PART III.

How a Nurſe of this Orphans found this Girl to be a Sham, &c.

AT length the Aſſizes was come, and we hear,
This poor aged Uncle between Hope and Fear,
He went with this Creature his Doom to receive,
And ſee what Content ſhe unto them could give.

The

The Word being gave, he muſt come to the Bar,
With a panting Heart, then he went up with her,
There ſhe with great Boldneſs her part did ſo plead,
The Guardians took her for the Orphan indeed,

The Tryal was over, all Things ſeemed well,
But mark now once more what this Uncle befell,
There came an old Woman, who cry'd, *Let me ſee*
Whether my young Miſs now has forgotten me.

The Girl replied, Woman, I know you not,
If ever I ſaw you before, 'tis forgot.
Why then, ſaid the Woman, *aſſur'd now I am,*
My young Miſs is ſlain, and you are but a Sham.

Eight Years from the Time of her Birth, I am ſhe,
Was ſent by her Parents her Nurſe for to be,
And on her right Arm there two large Moles do grow,
The truth ſhall be try'd where you have ſo or no.

This Girl bluſhed then, and the old Uncle ſhook,
Then hold of this Creature the Guardians they took,
True ſearch then was made, & no Moles there was found
This made the old Uncle's grey Head to hang down.

This made him appear like the ſpiller of Blood.
They who once were for him, againſt him then ſtood;
He then took his Tryal, and Sentence was paſt,
That he for the Murder ſhould be hang'd at laſt.

Then unto a Goal he was hurried with ſpeed,
There in double Fetters he was bound indeed:
Now mark how the Lord, who all good Things do give
Order'd this poor innocent Man a Reprieve:

A noble Knight who thought him wrong'd as we hear,
Got him a Reprieve for the Term of two Year;
And before theſe Months was full at an End,
The Lord rais'd up for him a far greater Friend.

PART

PART IV.

How a young Man that heard her Uncle's Tryal, met this Orphan, &c.

THere was a young Man who at Sea once had been,
And this Uncle's Tryal by him there was ſeen,
It happened this young Man with a pleaſant Gale,
Soon after unto the Weſt Indies did ſail.

And as he was walking on Shore in the Street,
He with a young Female there chanced to meet;
He ſaid, *Well met Lady, what Country pray,*
I was born in England, ſhe to him did ſay.

And as they ſtood talking, this young Man he found,
He and this Creature was born both in one Town,
And this was that Orphan he talked of at firſt,
She, if no more found, her Uncle die muſt.

He ſaid, *What made you thus to run aſtray,*
'Tis ſaid, that your Uncle took your Life away,
And I ſaw his Tryal, he's condemn'd to die.
And hearing theſe Words, then ſhe wept bitterly.

She cry'd, *By ſad amazing Dreams here of late,*
I have had an Account of his ſorrowful State
I wiſh'd myſelf with him, but could not get o'er,
Two Gipſies betray'd me from the Britiſh Shore.

Fifteen thouſand Pound is my Portion I know,
Theſe Thouſands upon you I'll freely beſtow,
And if unto *England*, you will me convey,
And make me your Bride, then enjoy me you may.

His Heart leapt within him, to hear what was ſaid,
He cry'd I'll take care of you, but that I'm afraid,
When we come to *England*, that Sin call'd Pride
Will puff you up ſo that I ſhall be denied.

Her

Her anſwer was, No, I will ſtand to my Word,
When I come to *England*, let Fire and Sword
Deſtroy me at once, if I prove falſe to thee,
Who in my diſtreſs then took Pity on me.

Then with ſweet Embraces and Compliments fine,
Up to his Aſſiſtance herſelf ſhe reſign'd,
And then came to *England*, but a Week and one Day,
Before her dear Uncle his Life down muſt lay.

They went to the Priſon the Criminals to ſee,
And there found her Uncle who wept bitterly,
She ſaid unto him, Sir, what makes you here lie?
He cry'd, for Murder, and ſuch a Day muſt die.

I am innocent as the Child that is unborn,
To think of my diſmal Death makes me moan;
She cry'd, Forbear weeping, and be of good chear,
Your Life ſhall be ſav'd tho' the Day be ſo near.

I am your young Neice who ſome ſay you have ſlain,
Two Gipſies betray'd me, Sir, over the Main,
Thro' Fortune this poor young Man met me there
And brought me to *England*, your Life for to ſpare.

Theſe ſweet Words then made him for to ſmile indeed,
Her Nurſe and both Guardians were ſent for with ſpeed,
And they all three knew her by Marks which they ſaw,
The Uncle was ſoon clear'd according to Law.

When that Day was come the Uncle ſhould have dy'd,
This Orphan was made then the young Sailor's Bride,
In a noble Manner they all did rejoice,
Both Guardians and Uncle was pleas'd with her choice.

The Uncle ſaid, this Day I thought for to ſwing,
Tranſported with Joy now this Song I will ſing,
Through love and great Mercy I am freed from Death
For which I will bleſs the Lord while I have Breath.

He heard my deep Groans, and reliev'd me at laſt,
My Joys now are come, and all Sorrows are paſt;

Lord

Lord, great was thy Mercy, and ſpeak it I can,
I found but ſmall Mercy at the Hands of Man.

PART V.

An Account of their happy Living, and their Charity to the Poor.

FOR ſeveral Days this great Wedding did laſt.
I had almoſt forgot to Name one of the Gueſts;
There was that young Creature in rich Garments brave,
Who the Uncle hired his Life for to ſave.

A hundred Guineas more the Bride did her give,
The which this young Female did gladly receive;
Now ſhe and her Father, who once lived Poor,
Through one Man's great Sorrow poſſeſſes great Store.

Fourteen thouſand Pound, and nine hundred beſide,
This jolly young Sailor he had with his Bride;
And ſhe a great Beauty, which made him to cry,
No mortal, no mortal, ſo happy as I.

The faireſt of Creatures has made me a Man,
Like one in amaze, I cannot chuſe but ſtand,
To ſee how Providence hath ſmil'd on me,
To cheriſh and love her my Care it ſhall be.

She cry'd, my dear Jewel, the glittering Chink,
Which we now enjoy will be apt for to ſhrink,
And be brought to nothing; before it is too late,
I hold it is Wiſdom to purchaſe an Eſtate.

To this he agreed, and in few Days we hear,
They bought an Eſtate of five hundred a Year
Now of their Abundance this young Couple do,
Relieve both the Widow and Fatherleſs too.

In Joy and great Splendor this Couple I'll leave,
Sweet Smiles from the Powers above to receive:
He that us'd the Seas wears his rich Garments gay;
His Tarpalin Coat now he has thrown away.

F I N I S.